

To Jim Garrison from Harold Weisberg 3/17/68

Dean Andrews

My several long visits with Dean, several phone conversations, and checking out of what he fed me leave me wondering whether he is deliberately misleading, making honest mistakes, repeating rumors, trying to help or playing games. Or, a combination.

Beninning with the hugs of his "favorite niece Pat" (whose favorite uncle she says he is) and ending with his directing me to the Society Page, he has been friendly and seemingly helpful. Yet on the key things he is ~~not~~ *helpful*.

I acknowledge the possibility he is being as helpful as he can in these directions, that he knows nothing he has not divulged. I am not convinced of it, and I am aware of the possibility that, with respect to the Mexicano, he may have made a slight but deliberate error that, small as it is, would have us looking for someone ~~we cannot find~~ *who doesn't exist*.

My own feelings toward him remain a mixture of liking, sympathy, perplexity and a desire to help him out of the predicament in which he is. I think I understand why he is in it. He knows that I will do what I can to help him and I have made both specific offers and general suggestions that he clearly understands.

I have encouraged him to do a book to be titled "My Half-Life In Court" and I have suggested the mechanics, in his case necessary. I have also encouraged him to do a dictionary of hip slang and told him truthfully I think I can introduce him to a publisher who might be interested. And I have offered to introduce his work to my agent who, on subjects other than the Warren Report, is remarkably effective and well-connected. These are sincere offers, as I think he understands.

He professes a continuing liking for you, itemizes what he thinks are your errors and problems as he sees them, and strongly hints, perhaps believes, he is on your side.

It was impossible to make notes on the torrent of words, and I made no effort to record his frequent advice. Here is what I have checked out of what he told me:

That Oswald was "handling tricks out of Old Society Page @ \$20.00", which are my words and may not be a direct quote, and that it burned down. As the accompanying memo shows, this is the opposite of what I learned from those with first-hand knowledge (who also have an interest in misdirection). Johnny Kormundy told me Oswald hustled girls, not males. Johnny, I am told, is gay and may be the one misdirecting me. The Page did not burn, according to its owner, "Mem". It still stands. Her mover was required by plans for its demolition. She has and expresses a low opinion of Andrews, yet when I was standing near him he had a seemingly pleasant conversation by phone with her. I did not go to her under his auspices.

He also told me-and he was quite explicit when I questioned him- that there is no connection between the Cuban gays in his office and Oswald. He said it was coincidence that Oswald and the Mexicans were there at the same time the gays were and that his testimony was, in effect, arranged to give the wrong impression. I am aware of the indications you have of homosexual interest, but I cannot avoid the inference that the government may have deliberately steered us in the wrong direction, particularly if it would lead us somewhere, were we not to go in the wrong direction. If he spoke truthfully, he is telling us that what first directed us to a homosexual interest by Oswald was wrong.

He says he has made an extensive study of the case. There are indications in talking with him that this may, indeed, be the case. He says that from this work he is convinced that Shaw, Oswald and Russe were never together at the same time. It may be he said they never met. If he is saying he has established that the others never met the real Oswald I would not quarrel with him.

He now says that the story of asking Monk to be Oswald's lawyer was some kind of game, that Monk was approached by Mrs. Oswald, which he cannot conceive of having happened, or that Monk took the play from him and went off on his own, with Andrews saying what was necessary to not contradict Monk, or, what I consider more likely if the rest is true, that there was sufficient time between his two phone conversations with Monk for Monk to have thought about it and discussed it with others. He quotes Monk as having told Jack Dempsey that this was his "greatest decision". Each of these contradictory or partially contradictory things he told me.

He told me the story he told you about the microfilm that was to have come out of Cuba. I cannot conceive of it having been there alone if at all, and of the man who was to have brought it. At the same point there was something that then did not make sense to me, his reference to one John (Jean?) de Bielby, anti-Bastista, dean of a graduate school, who was found with a bullet between the eyes. If there was a connection between this and anything else when he was talking, I did not get it and because I wanted him to wander into other aspects of more interest I did not question him.

Of considerable interest to me was his discussion of his meetings with and advice to Oswald. Of the possibility of pictures having been taken outside the Audobon Bldg. he says without doubt they were and probably by tourists only. (In addition to Matt Herron, about whom I have left a separate memo, I am attempting to enlist the aid of another photographer who may have other connections).

Oswald and the Mex, he says, were alone with him when they discussed passports and getting into Mexico. He placed the date of this or the last visit at five days before Oswald got his passport. (I am satisfied this was the real Oswald for a number of reasons, one of which is that Oswald, in his Stuckey appearance, said almost word for word what Andrews in his testimony said he advised Oswald.)

He told Oswald of three ways of getting into Mexico, one of which is the two-week visit, another was by having a passport, and he says he tried to discourage him. At this point he quoted Oswald

as having declared, "I'm gonna try to do whatever I want to do". At this point, he says, the Mexican stood up and looked at Oswald and Oswald fell silent. (When I questioned him about Oswald's use of the least-likely documentation to establish his identity he said that if Oswald ever carried a copy of his discharge he never saw it. At this point I began to wonder if Oswald feared using his honorable discharge from the Marines because of the subsequent discharge from the reserves.)

He told Oswald that a U.S. passport was worth \$10,000. The Mexican, he said, "took notice" of this. I asked him about the value and he said there is a profitable business arrangement available through those who alter passports, of whom he identified one Salinar Dakair, of somewhere in the near east, as the best "fixer".

He said there had been an assassination in Guatemala, where a member of the protective service was involved, that in pattern matches this one to a "T". He encouraged a ~~study~~ of that murder.

One Dorothy Riegel (approx) is, he said, definitely CIA and a whore whose occupations provide no conflict. Her territory was between New Orleans and the West Coast. He also described her as unreliable and added that she is supposed to have loaned Oswald money in Mexico City - a kind of company ~~Imma~~ Latouche.

Several of the things I have already passed on to Louis Iven are these:

The license number he passed on to the FBI appears as a footnote in a book he cannot recall.

A State Police sergeant who flies contract flights for Shell knows about Ferrie's flights and here he clearly indicated flights that may not have been FAA recorded.

A reference to a TV cameraman that I cannot decipher.

That I check the Security Sporting Goods Co in New Orleans, its owner, whose name is Rosen, and he would not indicate why.

While I was with him the first time there was the bizarre episode of two of his gay clients bursting in possessed by fear and almost incoherent with the report that one "Bulldog" was about to make a "hit" on the smaller and more dapper one of them. With his usual picturesque lingo Dean tried to console them with the thought that the Bulldog would not telegraph, at which point the quivering client blurted out that Bulldog already had committed a murder. "When he gets back he'll be ~~only~~ turg", Dean assured him and with the gesture of pinching a flea he added, "and I'll have 'em!" Two or three days later it happened, and was on the front page of the paper. Another character they mentioned is the "Angel". The second client looks exactly like the second picture in the paper, identified, if I correctly recall, as the "Rat". When these guys left Dean told me he thought the Bulldog might fit my interest. After the arrest he said age precluded this one and suggested there might be an older Bulldog. Freddy Williams seems to think there is a fiftyish character so known who is Elmer Renfrow.

A second call on my second visit seems also to have related, for he told the out-of-town client to lie low or, if she returned,